

24 February 1945
Hq 14th AA Command
APO 322 c/o PM
San Francisco, Cal.

69

Good Evening Lovely;

Must you always look so breathtakingly lovely as you do now and always. How can you expect me to concentrate on writing a letter when I can't keep my mind off the loveliness of you? I think you enjoy disconcerting me like this my pretty little minx. I just love you more every day and can't do a thing about it, if I wanted to which you can be very sure I do not want to do.

In that letter you wrote me yesterday you gave me the devil for forgetting to sign ~~it~~ well you didn't exactly give me the devil but you did remind me of it-one of the letters I typed you. Just what is wrong with that? Can't you tell who it is from without having it signed? Just who else writes you letters like that eh? The nerve of anyone to say such things to you. Explain your way out of that one me fine Lady.

Today I finished the signs; tomorrow I start in on some others. The ones I did were quite satisfactory and were hung up, with due ceremony, in the office. Then the colonel decided that it would be a good idea if we painted another set of signs exactly the same to put on the back of these, facing the other way, so that if anyone came in the back door they could see the signs from that way as well. I don't mind because that means I stay on this job that much longer but I still do not know what my new job will consist of. The ones I did don't look bad hanging up in the office although they were stacked back to face by someone and, since the back of the signs was rough, the paint was messed up a little bit on some of the signs. I'll have to try to touch them up a bit when I get them all finished.

No letter today! That old plaintive cry. I hope that I get some tomorrow because your letters always cheer me up and I am constantly in need of cheering up out here.

I just finished letters to Mom and to Jim Martin. I told Jim how I expected to spend the first six months to a year after my return to the States.

He had asked me how I intended to spend my time, whether I intended to go right back to school or not, and I assured him that I did intend to go back to school, but only after a nicelång vacation lasting at least six months. Said vacation to be in the sole company of you. No one else just you and I. In Mom's letter I reminded her to see that you got a lot of sea food while you were there because you'll have to learn to eat it if you're going to live in New Hampshire. It's quite the thing there and I'm sure you wouldn't want all the neighbors to go around pointing you out as that funny foreign girl who doesn't like sea food. Of course your natural charm may make them overlook even such a large failing as that but it's best not to take any chances. If you and Pauline go out anywhere to eat I have warned her to ration you strictly to sea foods. You and she can go into Boston on a shopping tour while you're there. You may be able to find a few items for the house while you're there. There may even be some sheets somewhere in the place. I'm sure that you two war widows, both you and Pauline, can find enough to do while you're there. This will be your best chance to get acquainted with the family because when I get back to you you won't even have enough time to yourself to do that. You can have Mom show you how to make crepes (pronounced like crape) which are one of my favorite foods. You never did get to try them while you were home the last time did you. Someday I'll have to get her to show you how to make gorton and French meat pies both of which are delicacies. How is your mother making out in here efforts to make a first class cook out of you? You'd better get on the ball Darling, because the way the war is breezing along now you never can tell when I will come walking in on you. You wouldn't want us to go without eating would you? We'd have to eat too.

I finished that book on the Arabs and got a couple of others, one was a collection of the best short stories of 1943 and the other the collected poems of Carl Sandburg which I have wanted to get hold of for quite a while now. I skimmed through parts of it and liked the style of his poetry very much. It reminds me of Benet's work although they both have their own way of saying

things. Their work impresses me in the same way that the work of Thomas Benton, Grant Wood and some of the other typically American artists impress me. There is something typically American about their work.

Tomorrow morning I can sleep another hour because Everything is moved up an hour on Sunday; we eat later, go to work later, and still the day ends at the same time. That will mean two more hours to dream of you tonight Hm! With all that extra time maybe I'll finally catch up with you. It seems that in all my dreams you always elude me. Just as I am about to finally be alone with you after either not catching up with you or else having the whole family there with us all the time, the dream always ends. With this extra time perhaps I may finally catch up with you, my elusive angel.

There is some very nice dance music playing in the next office. Would you care to dance Darling? It is quite nice holding you like this as we go across the floor. You are as light as a feather Sweet. and so nice and soft and warm against me as we dance, You'll have to pardon me if I step on your toes occasionally because, as you know, I am not an expert dancer to begin with and haven't had the pleasure of dancing with you for quite a while. I'll have to improve though to try to keep up with you. That's a very beautiful gown you have on, or could it be that it borrows its beauty from you. There is certainly enough beauty there to afford a little for the gown. And your eyes my love, there's a very loving gleam in them. Could this be just for me? It warms me up and brings my love for you to new heights. Your cheek is very soft and velvety against mine (could it be that 14 day Palmolive treatment you were telling me about?) and your hair smells of Tigris. The only trouble with all this is that I realize that the cloud we are dancing on will disappear as it always does and I will find that I am once more half a world away from you all alone and so very lonely for you. At least I have the dreams and the realization that some day not too far away all these dreams will come true and there will be no more worries about the clouds disintegrating beneath us dropping us back to earth. I never want to feel my feet on the ground after I

once return to you.

You said that you had read the book Mr and Mrs Cugat a couple of years ago. Here I thought it was a new book and that I would becone up on you by reading it. I'm glad that you liked it because I thought It was a very clever book, the best of that type that I have ever read.

Today I finally got all my clothing troubles straightened out and got myself another pair of shoes and a raincoat as well as the promise of four more sets of sun tans bringing my total to six sets. That way I'll be able to take advantage of the GI laundry. I sent one set of sun tans and a set of fatigues to the laundry today. They wash and dry the clothes and we have to figure out a way to get them to look like something. That will be much simpler problem to solve than the washing of all the clothes would be. This way, all I have to do is the underwear and socks which the laundry will not do for some mysterious reason. This only takes a minute though. I'm glad that the laundry problem is taken care of because that has always been a touchy subject with me.

Well Sweetheart, it looks as if that time has rolled around again and I must leave you another night to go to bed. Goodnight dear sweet darling. Remember that I love you

ALWAYS:

Freddie